

[the mighty always fall](#) by [tentaclemonster](#)

Series: [Kinktober 2018 \[21 \]](#)

Category: ☐☐☐☐☐ | Golden Sun Series

Genre: Anal Sex, Barebacking, Begging, Branding, Captivity, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat, Emotional Manipulation, Fingerfucking, Gloves, Humiliation, Kinktober 2018, M/M, Non-Consensual Spanking, Not Safe Sane and Consensual, Older Man/Younger Man, Painplay, Punishment, Rape, Rape Aftermath, Sadism, Victim Blaming

Language: English

Characters: Garcia | Felix, Saturos (Golden Sun)

Relationships: Garcia | Felix/Saturos

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-21

Updated: 2018-11-20

Packaged: 2021-01-09 10:46:22

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,784

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Felix breaks the rules and Saturos makes him pay the price.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Kinktober day 21 prompt: branding

Fic title from the Josh Woodward song "I Want To Destroy Something Beautiful"

Set Post-Prologue in the first GS game. Felix is canonically 15 Post-Prologue in the game and in this fic he's either 15/16; Saturos is in his early 30s as per my headcanon since he doesn't have a canon age.

"Saturos, no, *please!*" Felix begs but Saturos is unaffected by his words, continuing to drag him through the village by the hair at a hurried pace that makes Felix trip over his own feet in the snow.

No other Proxians are out, they rarely are in this cold, and Felix spares a moment to wonder if any of them would help him even if they were to witness the scene. Would they stop Saturos? Ask him what he planned to do to his struggling captive? Felix doubts it and the knowledge that no one was going to save him, that no one *could*, only makes his heartbeat spike painfully and ratchets up his fear.

Felix keeps pleading even though he knows it's useless. The alternative would be to just give in and silently accept whatever Saturos was planning to do to him and Felix refuses to be as craven as that.

"Saturos, please, I swear to you I was only going to send a letter home to my sister, I---" His words cut out into a painful whine, head stinging from Saturos forcefully jerking at his hair in reprimand.

"You're barred from sending any communication back to Vale." Saturos barks at him. "You were told not to even try and that if you did there would be consequences."

They make it to their shared cabin, Saturos' home and Felix's prison, and Saturos throws open the door, dragging Felix through and then tossing him harshly into a heap on the floor, kicking the door closed behind them.

Saturos looks down at him with red eyes burning in dangerous rage, his fists clenched and jaw tight.

Felix licks his lips nervously and fights down the urge to crawl backwards and away. "Saturos---"

"I'll give you a choice." The man's steely voice interrupts him. "You can either take your punishment willingly and get through it with little harm done or you can fight it and be damaged far, *far* worse."

Felix stares up at him, wide-eyed. "What are you going to---"

"*Choose*, Felix!" Saturos yells and Felix flinches. "There is no escaping this. Now is it going to be the easy way or the hard way?"

Felix clenches his eyes shut and tries to control his breathing. Like that's any choice at all, he thinks, but what he says is: "The--the easy way, Saturos."

He can hear Saturos let out a long sigh and when he opens his eyes again, Felix is relieved to see there's less anger in the man's eyes and his hands are once more relaxed at his sides.

"Good choice, boy." Saturos says simply. "Now I want you to get up and undress."

Felix must have misheard. "What?"

Saturos' eyes narrow into a harden glint. "I *said* I want you to get up off the floor and remove your clothes, Felix. I will not tell you again."

Felix swallows reflexively and hesitates for only a moment but seeing Saturos' eyes once more beginning to fill with rage has him scrambling to move. He stands and with shaking hands he starts to disrobe, awkwardly avoiding eye contact with the other man. He slips off his boots first, then his socks, then his coat. He unbuttons his shirt and slips it off, letting it fall to the floor with little noise as he feels the first beginnings of a flush burn through his skin. His hands hesitate at his belt and he chances a look at Saturos, jerking his gaze away immediately when he sees the man is carefully watching every move he makes.

He pushes down his pants and his underwear with them and steps out of the clothing, reflexively moving his hands to cover his groin and hide his cock from sight.

Felix stands completely and totally nude, blushing red with humiliation, as he painfully avoids looking Saturos in the eyes.

He hears the other man let out a low hum that he doesn't have time to decipher before Saturos is telling him, "Good. Now walk over by the fire."

Felix walks, silently, eyes glued to the floor. His chilled body breaks out in goosebumps when he comes to stand where Saturos wants him, the roaring fire heating him and making him shiver from the temperature change.

"Very good, Felix." Saturos drawls. "Now I want you to turn around and face away from me."

Felix glances up from his feet and sees Saturos' mouth curled into a smirk. He can feel a muscle in his own jaw tick, from fear or indignation or both Felix doesn't know, and he bites down on the urge to yell and fight and scream. It would do no good, Felix knows, and he's not fool enough to purposefully make Saturos angry and think he can come out of it unscathed.

Slowly, Felix turns around.

"Such a good boy." Saturos says from behind him, words mocking. "Now keep being good and get down on your hands and knees."

The words are as shocking as they are not. What else had Felix expected, the second the man told him to take off his clothes? After months of him giving Felix burning glances and lingering touches every chance he got? At the same time, he never thought the man would actually---

"Felix!" Saturos barks harshly from behind him, loud enough to make him startle.

And not wanting to know what hard way Saturos thought would be worse than this, Felix slowly lowers himself to the floor onto his hands and knees, his head hanging low in shame.

Saturos sighs heavily. "That wasn't so hard, now was it? If you continue to behave, things will keep being this easy."

Felix bites his tongue on an insult.

Saturos putters around the room for a moment making odd clinking and rattling noises, his footsteps come closer and Felix flinches when he hears the sound of something heavy clanking like iron into the fire next to him.

What was---?

And then his thoughts short-circuit when he feels Saturos lowering himself to his knees behind him, close enough that the fabric of the other man's pants brush against his skin.

Felix jumps and feels his face positively burning when Saturos lays gloved hands on him for the first time, each leather covered palm against a side of his ass, squeezing at his cheeks before pulling them apart. He feels a long, cool breath blown right at the center of him, right at his hole, and can't stop himself from letting out a whine.

"Beautiful." Saturos mutters, thumbing at Felix's opening, exerting the slightest bit of pressure until the tip of the digit slips inside causing Felix's soft cock to harden slightly from where it hangs between his thighs.

The thumb's pressure and the hand that goes with it leave him momentarily and when it returns, it's slick with something that feels to Felix like oil, and then Felix is groaning as Saturos is sliding his entire index finger inside.

The man thrusts it in and out before pulling it out entirely and then returning with two slickened fingers pushing into Felix, stretching him even further and giving him no time to get used to the feeling of his ass being full before he's thrusting and scissoring his fingers inside. By the time Saturos is pouring more oil directly on his body and sliding a third finger in along with the first two, Felix has his head lowered to the floor and his cock hangs heavy between his legs as he moves his body back in time to meet the thrusts of the fingers fucking into his insides.

All too soon, Saturos is pulling them out and Felix hates himself for the whine that leaves him, how empty his body feels without them there.

Saturos barks out a laugh at the sound and Felix hates that even more. "Haven't even got my cock in you yet and you're already acting the slut for me, boy?" He slaps a palm down forcefully on Felix's ass that makes him jump and his cock twitch humiliatingly between his thighs.

"But don't worry, Felix." Saturos mocks breathlessly and Felix can feel the top of something blunt and hard and far bigger than Saturos' fingers pressing at his hole. "You won't have to wait for long."

And then Saturos is forcing the head of his cock inside, causing Felix to whine pitifully at the feeling of inch after agonizing inch being pressed into him until Saturos is buried in him to the hilt and his sack is rested flush to Felix's skin.

Saturos' hands dig into his hips hard enough to bruise and the man wastes no time at all before pulling out of him and slamming immediately back inside.

The pace continues like that.

Saturos fucks Felix roughly, his cock hammering in and out of him with enough force that Felix's knees drag back and forth painfully along the floor. The man's hands grab and pinch and slap at his skin, they claw at his stomach and spank his ass, and Saturos moans lowly in pure delight every time he does something that causes Felix to flinch or grunt or whine in pain.

"Are you enjoying this, Felix?" Saturos gasps out. "Do you enjoy taking my cock in your fragile little body? Do you like being *fucked*? Because it occurs to me--"

A hand leaves Felix's body as Saturos keeps fucking him harshly, left hand gripping his hip in a vice, and Felix can

hear the man reaching for something, can hear that same iron clang he had heard earlier.

"---it occurs to me, *Felix*," Saturos continues. "that this is meant to be a *punishment*, not a *reward*."

And then Felix only has seconds to register the feeling of heat close to his skin before the touch of burning metal is searing into the right side of his ass and he's screaming in agony, trying to jerk uselessly away from the pain even as Saturos holds him in an inescapable grip, still fucking into him and moaning in pleasure as Felix's ass clenches harshly around him and he writhes against the pain.

Felix doesn't even notice when Saturos comes, spilling his seed deep inside with a pleasure-filled groan, so distracted as he is from the feel of his burning skin and the smell of his own cooking flesh.

The metal is finally removed from him after what feels like an eternity, Felix sobbing as it's pulled away and Saturos throws it to the floor with a loud thump, landing right next to Felix's head.

Felix feels like he's a thousand miles away as he sees it through his tears, sees the long metal rod ending with a stylized 'S' shape at the end covered in Felix's own burnt skin and blood.

A brand, he thinks faintly, he branded me.

Saturos' cock is still inside him, still half-hard and getting harder as the man continues to thrust shallowly into him and Felix just lays there, limp and weak and taking it, feeling his breath coming in and out in short bursts and stars dancing in his eyes from dizziness.

"You took it so well, Felix." Saturos praises him, thrusts picking up speed as he claws his right hand down the length of Felix's back. "Now keep being a good little slut for your master and let's see if you can take some more."

2. Chapter 2

Felix doesn't know how long it takes for Saturos' cock to finally be spent once and for all, for it to become softened and slip out of his hole, for Saturos to pull away from Felix's body and rise to his feet, leaving Felix laying collapsed in on himself on the floor.

It feels like it's been hours.

Days.

Years.

An entire lifetime of Saturos pounding Felix's ass, clawing at his skin, grunting in his ear, calling him a slut and a whore while Felix's skin still throbbed and burned from where the man had branded his initial into it.

It's been long enough for Felix's screams and cries to hurt his throat so much they finally choked off into silent gasps. Long enough for Saturos to spill so much seed inside of him that Felix's stomach felt like it was bulging from it. Long enough that at some point Felix could barely register the feeling of being fucked anymore, the pain and unwanted pleasure both fading into a distant numbness.

Felix still feels that way now. Distant. Numb. Alone on the floor, face down with his arms buried underneath him, barely aware of the heat of the fire next to him or his branded skin throbbing dully or the come trickling out of his ass. He can hear Saturos puttering around the room somewhere and there's a part of Felix that thinks he should be worried about it, about still being in the room with his captor -- his *rapist* -- but the more present part of Felix's mind can't muster up the energy to worry.

It feels like his entire mind is wrapped in cotton and stuffed in a skull two sizes too small for it and everything else --- like his safety and the state of his body --- is muffled along with it.

When Saturos kneels down behind Felix again and places a cold hand on his skin, Felix doesn't even flinch.

"Felix?" Saturos' voice is a low murmur, so different from the cruel, mocking tone he'd used before. Felix doesn't answer him. His tongue is leaden in his mouth and feels as far away from him as the rest of his being.

Saturos sighs at his silence and his hand starts a gentle stroking along Felix's back. "You're in shock right now and that's fine, it will wear off eventually."

And even in the drowsy state Felix is in, he still recognizes the lie. What he feels now isn't going to wear off. Felix knows it with a certainty that he's never known anything with before.

"I want you to know I didn't enjoy punishing you," Saturos continues in that same low voice. "but when you break the rules, I have no other choice. I would much rather have had you for the first time under more...amicable circumstances, but what's done is done. In the future now you'll understand that your actions have consequences but Felix, I promise you, your obedience will also come with rewards. Next time there won't be a need for me to take you with such violence as long as you behave. Wouldn't that be nice, hm?"

Next time. The words ring in Felix's head, piercing through his foggy mind. Next time like it was all but guaranteed that would happen again, that Saturos would take him again.

Wouldn't that be nice?

Felix can feel his throat tightening painfully and he blinks away the sudden wetness in his eyes.

Saturos trails his hand down Felix's back until his fingers are probing at the edges of his brand. They press down hard and the stabbing jolt of pain the touch sends through Felix has him letting out an involuntary whimper.

"I'll need to treat this so it won't become infected." Saturos says nonchalantly, not a hint of apology or sympathy in his voice. "And I'll have Alex heal it properly in the morning so you won't have to spend weeks waiting for it to scar over. As pretty as you are in this position, I'd like to know whether you're even lovelier on your back sooner rather than later."

A long stretch of silence passes between them and then---

"Aren't you going to thank me, Felix?" Saturos asks breezily, tapping the skin around his brand with his fingertips, never touching the ruined skin itself but coming close enough to tease Felix with hints of pain. "For being willing to take such good care of you after you misbehaved?"

The tightness in Felix's throat is close to choking and Felix can feel his breath coming in and out of his nose in short little bursts. His jaw clenches and he stays completely, paralyzingly silent.

Saturos sighs and with a last caress of burning pain across Felix's branded skin, removes his hand and stands up to move away from Felix once again.

"It's alright, Felix. You can thank me in the morning after you've had some rest." Saturos tells him, tone magnanimous. "Sleep well. After Alex heals you...well, I'm sure he'd like to be thanked, too, and as long as you're a good boy about it, there's no reason anything like tonight

has to happen again. This life can be good to you if you just let it, hmm? Have sweet dreams about it, Felix. We'll see about making them come true tomorrow."